*Bish.* Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and ſeruices
To this imperiall Throne:
There is no bar to ſtay your highneſſe claime to France,
But one; which they produce from *Faramount*:
No female ſhall ſucceed in *Salique* Land;
Which *Salique* Land, the French vniuſtly gloze
To be the Realme of France,
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing ſubdude the Saxons
There left behinde, and ſetled certaine French,
Who holding in diſdaine the Germane women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their liues,
Eſtabliſht there this Law. To wit,
No female ſhall ſucceed in *Salique* Land:
Which *Salique* land (as I haue ſayd before)
Is at this time in Germany, call'd *Meſene*.
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law
Was not deuiſed for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French poſſeſſe the *Salique* land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of King *Faramount*,
Godly ſuppoſd the founder of this Law.
*Hugh Capet* alſo that vſurpt the Crowne,
To fine his Title with ſome ſhew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
Conuey'd himſelfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſayd Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleere as is the ſummers Sun,
King *Pipins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his ſatisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique* Law

To



To barre your highneſſe
And rather chooſe to hi
Then amply to embrace
Vſurpt from you and yo
*K.* May we with right
*Bi.* The ſin vpon my h
For in the booke of Nu
When the ſonne dyes,
Deſcend vnto the daug
Noble Lord, ſtand for y
Vnwinde your bloody f
Go my dread Lord to y
From whom you claime
And your great Vncle
Who on the French gro
Making defeate on the f
Whilſt his moſt mighty
Stood ſmiling to behol
Foraging the blood of
O Noble Engliſh, that
With halfe their forces
And let another halfe ſt
All out of worke, and o
*King.* We muſt not o
But lay downe our pro
Who will make rode v
*Bi.* The Marches gr
To guard your Englan
*King.* We do not mea
But feare the maine ent
For you ſhall read, neu
Vnmaskt his power fo
But that the *Scot* on hi
Came pouring like the
That *England* being em
Hath ſhooke and trem
*Bish.* She hath bin th

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG